

## READING'S COAL STRIKE.

### THE COMPANY DETERMINED NOT TO MAKE CONCESSIONS.

An Order Issued to Take None of the Strikers Back, But Afterwards Reconsidered—Crowds of Idle Men at Port Richmond and Elizabethport—A Conference to be Held To-day—Hopes of a Settlement.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)  
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.—Over one thousand of the Reading Railroad's hands in this city struck yesterday. Coming on the eve of a great crisis in the anthracite coal regions, where many thousands are waiting the decision on the first of the year of their wage demands, this action is full of danger.

At Port Richmond this morning the Reading Railroad hands were all idle and many of them were drunk. There were some non-union men at work, but they were a small crowd in comparison with the number who went out yesterday and who remain out to-day.

A long string of engines remain idle on the tracks, and very little freight is being handled.

General Manager McLeod said this morning that enough non-union men were at work to handle the business, and he expected the strikers to return to work next week.

The company, he said, would not put up with anything of the sort attempted yesterday. He had received no advice of trouble at other points in the city, where it was rumored that this morning the company would refuse to handle all trains except those carrying passengers and perishable freight.

Superintendent Whiting, of the company, meets the miners at Porterville to-day, and will present the company's ultimatum, which is that it will adhere to its agreement of September with the men and expects them to do the same.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Dec. 24.—The coal tie-up at Elizabethport to-day is nearly general, only a few men being working on the piers of the Central Railroad Company. The Reading docks presented a desolate appearance.

A World reporter who called at the shipping office and interviewed General G. H. Inspector Metcalf of Philadelphia, who had arrived early in the morning.

Metzler explained that the object of his visit was to put men in place of those discharged. He said emphatically that none of the old men would be taken back.

"The company," he continued, "prefers to get men living in this city to fill the vacancies, if possible."

"If not we will bring men from elsewhere to handle the coal. I am now ready to employ any that may present themselves, and especially I want to hire engineers and brakemen in place of those who quit."

The Reading has taken a firm stand in this matter, and I, as an official of the company, can say that no concessions will be made.

"We have treated the men at this place well, and gave them 25 cents when all the other companies around here have paid only 20 cents."

"We have also made other concessions, and despite this the men now try to cripple us. As common carriers we are bound to take freight and must load boats that are sent to our docks for cargoes of coal."

"It's all off. I have just received word to employ men and take coal at once to Philadelphia. I start on the next train."

"What's off?" queried the reporter. "Is it the strike?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Metzler. "I mean what I said about hiring men is ended. Some new developments have taken place this morning which has caused the company to rescind its instructions to me."

"I don't believe, however, the company has weakened any."

## EFFECTS OF THE STRIKE.

### Coal Likely to Go Up in Price Unless the Difficulty is Arranged.

The Reading strike came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. The company has up to this time successfully avoided trouble of this sort, and Austin Corbin, the President, hopes to straighten the differences between the road and its men speedily, though the situation is different from what it has been on any former occasion.

Henry W. Maxwell, of Mr. Corbin's office, says, "Mr. Corbin has always listened to the men and they have considered him their friend. He is reasonable and listens to reason, but there are some things about which there can be no compromise."

The Reading is a common carrier. It cannot make distinctions between its customers. As well as we must not carry your editor as a passenger because our men don't think you get any more than when all the others.

Charles M. Taylor's Sons, who represent the elevator company, say that they control the Allan Line pier at Port Richmond, and their men, with whom since August, were recently raised \$4 a month in pay and are perfectly satisfied. They will continue these men in their employment.

The Reading road carries about one-third of all the coal supply of this city. There is only about 114,000 tons of coal at the stocking points, and despite last winter's coal famine, caused by the long strike of coal-miners, when coal went up to \$9 and \$10 a ton, the dealers here have not provided against a similar trouble.

Last year the Reading men refused to join in the strike, but they may be backed up by the handlers now.

## JAMES MILLER'S FATE.

### The Body of the Old Ret Collector Claimed by a Nephew.

Coroner Levy this morning received a telegram from the romantic correspondent of James Miller, who was found dead beside his crazy wife at 357 West Sixteenth street yesterday. It was dated West Wayne, Pa., and stated that Miller had a nephew named William Vail residing in Brooklyn.

Vail called at the Coroner's office to-day to claim the body, which will be sent to Morris-kov, N. J., for interment.

The Coroner had another caller in connection with the case in the person of a representative of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, who claimed that the two checks for \$84 each found in Miller's pockets were in payment for rent of one of the company's houses which was collected by Miller Tuesday.

Mrs. Miller is still alive at the New York Hospital. She has not yet been able to answer questions.

A Buffalo Merchant in Trouble.  
Francis W. O'Hellman, of 317 West Thirty-third street, who is a member of the firm of O'Hellman, Dyer & Southwick, importers of dry goods, appeared as complainant in the Eastern Police court this morning against Louis W. Brock, of 355 North street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The complainant charges Brock with the larceny

## OF ONE HALE OF WORTH OF SAILING, VALUED AT \$154.24.

The real amount (however, it is said to be some \$40,000, which Brock & Weiner, of Buffalo, O'Hellman, Dyer & Southwick on account.

The charge was made in the Buffalo firm got credit through a false statement of its assets. Mr. Brock was released on bail to appear for examination next Friday.

## MRS. FORBES'S ADVENTURE.

### A Victim of Morphine Who Says She Was Robbed Twice.

Charles S. Forbes, an agent for the Marvin Safe Company and residing at Stamford, Conn., visited Inspector Williams yesterday in search of his wife, Lillian, who left her home at the Arlington House in Stamford on Wednesday and failed to return.

Mrs. Forbes is addicted to the morphine habit, he said, and only last May was taken home from the Asylum for the Insane at Middletown, N. Y., where she had been confined several months.

Her conduct was regular, Mr. Forbes stated, until very recently, when she grew restless, and he suspected that she was using morphine freely.

On Wednesday night he received a telegram from her asking for money to come home with, and saying that she had been robbed. The despatch was sent from the branch office of the Western Union in Broadway near Houston street.

Mr. Forbes instantly started for this city, arriving here at midnight. He had sent his wife an order for money to pay her way home, but she did not arrive.

On reaching the telegraph office he learned that his wife had been there, was in a very excited condition and had hastened away after sending the telegram. After she departed, one of the messengers picked up on the floor a pawn ticket for a sealskin muff.

"She wore a valuable sealskin muff," said Mr. Forbes to Inspector Williams, "and that will go next."

When asked if he had made a diligent search for her, Mr. Forbes replied that he had not. He said that he had done everything in his power to make her surroundings comfortable, in the hope that her mental balance might be recovered.

Last summer he took her to a fashionable hotel at Lenox, Mass., and her quarters in the Arlington House at Stamford were especially pleasant.

Inspector Byrnes promised to do what he could, and Mr. Forbes went away.

But Mrs. Forbes saved the police the trouble of searching for her. Last evening she telegraphed Police Headquarters in an excited state of mind and complained that she had been robbed. The first time, she said, was on the New Haven Railroad train, coming from Stamford to New York.

To secure funds, she said, she pawned her sealskin muff, valued at \$300, to a Bowery concern for \$60. As she was entering a cab after leaving the pawnshop, she declared, the driver pushed her away, stole her pocket-book containing the \$60 and the pawn ticket and drove hurriedly off.

The detectives in charge of Inspector Byrnes' office at night, noticed that she was greatly excited, and at times very incoherent, but were not prepared for a fainting spell which followed a paroxysm that overcame her.

An ambulance was called and Mrs. Forbes was sent to Bellevue Hospital. The surgeon there said that she was suffering from hysteria. The morphine, aided by liquor which she admitted she had drunk, brought on a temporary fit of insanity.

Mr. Forbes took charge of his wife this morning and will remove her to her home in Stamford where she will be closely watched to prevent another outbreak in the future.

The robbery story, Mr. Forbes and Inspector Williams believe, has no foundation except in the insane wanderings of Mrs. Forbes's mind.

## MANY ENEMIES AFTER HIM.

### Young Lieut. May's Sad Tale of a Relentless Persecution.

Lieut. Percy P. May, of the Eleventh Regiment, is a curious young man with a curious history. Curious things are constantly happening to him. He is pursued by relentless enemies, who try in every possible way to humiliate him and make his name a byword among his fellowmen, and he glories therein exceedingly.

The most recent event in young Mr. May's checkered career was the delivery to him yesterday afternoon of an infernal machine containing a quantity of dynamite, and some murmurings, three matches and what seemed to be a quantity of explosive gun-cotton.

The machine was inclosed in a cardboard box, six inches long and two inches deep, constructed in the same manner as the largest sized match-boxes. It was brought by a thirteen-year-old boy to the second floor of 46 West Twenty-third street, in which is the office of the Conservatory of Music, of which Lieut. May is Secretary, and of which his father, Dr. W. H. May, is manager.

The package was addressed in a disguised manner, apparently a woman, "The boy who delivered it took his departure at an easy pace, and young Mr. May cautiously opened the box. He was prompted to do it cautiously by a sulphurous smell which proceeded from the interior.

No explosion occurred, but Lieut. May satisfied himself of the deadly nature of the contents of the box by taking part of the gunpowder to a retired corner of the office and exploding it.

Then he got his father to take the box to the Thirtieth street police station-house. There it was put on the track of the messenger boy.

The matter is still a mystery. Dr. Edson has the box. He will analyze the contents after Christmas.

A World reporter called on young Mr. May this morning.

Mr. May said that he had a great many enemies and that they were persecuting him. He occasionally received letters written by a woman threatening him with all kinds of harm. On one day in March, 1886, a woman called him out of the Conservatory of Music and horsewhipped him.

At another time a man in an uptown club tried to run him through with a sword. In many other ways his enemies tried to do him harm and cause him annoyance. He has borne it all in a very meek spirit.

When he was promoted to be a Lieutenant in the Eleventh Regiment he made some bitter enemies, who attacked him through the columns of a Sunday weekly paper.

Taking Care of Four Parishioners.  
The "little church around the corner" dispensed its usual Christmas charities this morning to the poor of its parish, in the shape of a basketful of good things for a Christmas dinner to each. Every one who comes gets a turkey and enough mince pie to make a comfortable Christmas feast. The long line of applicants extending down the street in front of the church, each armed with a good-sized basket, is a familiar sight at Christmastide to those living in the vicinity. No one ever goes away disappointed.

A Darling Importer  
is the title of Major Alfred B. Calhoun's new story in the New York Ledger. Out to-day. For sale at all news stands.

ROCHESTER LAMP HEADQUARTERS, 25 Warren st., and 1261 Broadway. Thousands to select from.

## NO NEWS OF THE RAFT.

### It Is Drifting Somewhere in Mid-Ocean, and Mariners are Very Cautious.

About the most acceptable Christmas gift to mariners now would be information that the derelict monster raft that has been cruising independently in unknown waters for the past week had been captured and safely towed to port. Unfortunately, however, such information as yet is not forthcoming.

Since the Government vessel and the tug Morse started in pursuit of the raft there has been nothing heard from them.

No incoming vessels have reported sighting the log structure, and from every indication the desired news will be a long time reaching anxious shipowners.

There is no information to be obtained at the Maritime Exchange, or at the office of Bowring & Archibald, who place the newspapers are being depended on for the first information.

At the Exchange there are many plausible but hardly practical theories advanced as to the whereabouts of the raft. It is an easy matter, as the young man in charge of the Hydrographic office says, to point out upon the elaborate map the position of the structure when it was abandoned, and from these, by knowledge of tides and currents, to put one's pencil on the spot it would be after a four or five days' drift.

Theoretically, that is all right. Practically, it does not amount to anything. And again, there is materially more of the raft under water than above, so that the tides would exert a more powerful influence than the wind.

It is a fact just the same, however, that the changing winds are what will cause the difficulty in placing the raft. If one could figure on a permanent wind from any quarter, he could be guided somewhat in his search.

With gales from one quarter to-day, and from all the other points of the compass the next day, in conjunction with the action of the currents, leaves one in as much of a quandary as ever, so that while it may be safely said that the logs have probably moved southward, and are now in the course of steamships, from Mediterranean ports, at least, if not in the course of all transatlantic steamers, nothing more can be predicted safely about them.

The greatest confidence is placed in the commander of the United States steamer Enterprise, which is making a search for the derelict.

Those who know Capt. McCalla declare that if he can find the raft he will be well paid, and that now he has started in pursuit he will not abandon the search until his massive cables are attached to stem and stern of the structure, and safely being taken to port.

Instructions have been given to bring it when found to the nearest harbor. So when it is found, if ever, the information will be not long in reaching this city.

Being being hourly awaited, and each inward steamer's commander is closely questioned as to any knowledge of the dangerous float.

## THEY PLAYED BY THE HOUR.

### The Fort Hamilton Musicians Deny That They Cut Under the Union Rates.

Band Sergeant Joseph F. Hernandez, of the Fifth United States Artillery, stationed at Fort Hamilton, contradicts on behalf of his men certain allegations made in a recent report of the Musical Protective Union to the effect that his band played for the Knights of Labor picnic last summer at less than union rates.

He says that on the occasion in question he provided ten men to play on the horse-car which took about a hundred Knights of Labor employed on the Hamilton avenue car line in Brooklyn from Twenty-third street to Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, to the Broadway Park picnic ground.

The trip occupied two hours and each man received \$1.50 per hour, the full union rate. The misconception, Mr. Hernandez explains, arose from the belief that his band played for dancing in the picnic grounds from 3 p. m. until midnight.

Another band performed the work and was paid accordingly. The Brooklyn Knights of Labor, he says, have always employed union musicians and paid full union rates.

## BELIEVED TO BE A JOKE.

### The Jersey City Freight Car Mystery Nevertheless to be Investigated.

The two bloody skirts and the slungshot found in Wahash freight-car 28,196, in the Erie Railroad yard, Jersey City, are lying at Police Headquarters, Jersey City, awaiting a clue to their history. Chief Murphy said to a World reporter this morning:

"I believe that the whole matter is a put up job. I don't think there is any blood on the skirt. It looks more like crushed fruit."

The red coloring on the skirts was liquid when found. The Chief believes that in traveling all the way from East St. Louis blood was being carried in a milk can, cradled in straw, and that it leaked out when the car was stopped.

At the office of the company the same theory seemed to be favored. Nevertheless, Special Detective W. C. Brown will be sent over the line on Tuesday in search of a clue.

## DEATH CAUSED BY A GRAPE SEED.

### Lodging in the Appendix Vermiformis and Bringing on Peritonitis.

The death of Andrew Wright, of 33 West Seventy-second street, which is announced in the morning papers, resulted from peritonitis, which ran its course with remarkable rapidity.

An autopsy made yesterday disclosed the fact that the disease was brought on by the lodging of a grape seed in the small intestine known as the appendix vermiformis. Cases of this kind are extremely rare and usually attract much attention in the medical profession.

Mr. Wright was a member of the firm of W. & J. Sloane & Co.

Longshoremen Ready to Unite.  
The work of loading the longshoremen to send delegates to the convention to be held in the city on March 1 for the purpose of forming a National District Assembly of the Knights of Labor, is going on favorably. Organizations have been heard from in twenty states, and more are expected to respond. Secretary Littleman has sent out a circular from the Knights' headquarters, calling upon all local organizations to send representatives to the meeting.

Ten-Dollar Gold Pieces Given Away.  
Messrs. A. B. King & Co., of Broadway street, have been determined to outdo their competitors in the originality and liberality of their advertisements.

To-day this enterprising firm are giving away to their customers ten-dollar gold pieces as Christmas presents, and the result is that Broadway is thronged with a jolly crowd who aim to reap the benefit of the elocution's generosity.

One hundred bright new eagles were placed in Messrs. King & Co.'s show window at 9 a. m. to-day. Mr. E. O. Stratton, of 345 East Fifth street, took the first ten-dollar coin at 9:30 a. m., and his fellows are rapidly being dealt out to the lucky ones. Mr. King says he will distribute 1,000 during the day. Surely no more desirable Christmas present could be suggested.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR ALL.

### HOLIDAY SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN CITY STREETS AND HOMES.

An Extra Quarter that Brightened a Squalid Home—Christmas Trees Ready to Meet the Most Remarkable Fruit—Expectations from Three Holidays All Together—Many Raffles to Take Place To-night.

It was very cold last evening, and the whistling wind that came rushing down Grand street must have cut clear through the thin trousers and thin legs of a bent old man who stood before one of those fearfully overladen stands—overladen with great heaps of tawdry and gimcracks—with a far-away, dreamy gaze.

A World reporter stopped close beside the figure. The face was seamed and wrinkled and gray. The hair was very thin and grayer still. The hands were plunged down deep into the big pockets of a thin old overcoat, the collar of which was turned up.

The reporter shivered in his ulster, but the thin-clad figure was even too absorbed to shiver.

Then there was a sound like the soft, first chirrup of a chicken. It came from the right-hand pocket, and, glancing over the heterogeneous collection on the stand, the reporter speedily jumped at the conclusion that the thin and wrinkled right hand was squeezing the chirrup out of one of those rubber eggs from one end of which appears the yellow head of a rubber chicken, breaking the shell.

"That's for the baby," mused the man; and he drew forth the other old hand and counted in his palm 25 cents. Then his old eyes wandered over the articles on the stand again.

So absorbed was he that he heeded not that another quarter was dropped into the half-open palm. But presently, when he had selected a brilliant, bumptious jack-in-the-box, and turned his money again, he was astonished to find he dropped the jack and uttered both hands to counting, holding each piece up to the flickering flame of the gas lamp that shed its uncertain rays over the stand.

He looked on the ground as if he had lost something. He abstractedly felt in all his pockets, then counted the money again, and was sorely puzzled. Then a look of delight came over the old face, and he cast a suspicious glance at the scurrying people near him, and with that set off hurriedly down the street.

The reporter followed him and saw him purchase a Jack and a little book and a little can of candy at another stand. Then the man stood stock still for fully five minutes, evidently overwhelmed by a sudden remembrance that was upon him to spend the windfall quarter judiciously, for the small change was all gone.

At last he hurried to a bakery, and there a basket filled with cakes, doughnuts and a wee little pie was secured, and a few remaining pennies coaxed an Italian fruit vender to drop three big red apples into the big pockets of the old coat.

The reporter saw the old man finally enter a narrow hallway, which led to one of those dismal, dark and filthy, rear tenements of which the city ought to be ashamed, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had added 100 per cent to the Christmas celebration of three little ones to whom Christmas is largely a legend.

Christmas is essentially the children's holiday, and he who fails to make at least one child joyful, who would not otherwise be happy has lost to himself one piece of happiness. If you don't believe us, try it!

For a month the streets and avenues of New York have been full of laughing, jolly life. For a week throngs, swarms of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and sons and daughters and nieces have been going about among the shops with their hands on their pockets, and their eyes alert for something to remind dear friends that Christmas is at hand.

The whole city is gay to-day in anticipation of pleasure, and to-morrow morning, while the chiming of Old Trinity are pealing forth the anthems of the coming of the manger-cradled babe of Nazareth, half a million children in this big town will awaken and know what Francis Kringle has been playing at their house while they slept.

## GIFFTS FROM SANTA CLAUS.

Employers "give something" to their hands, and it is surprising the number of presentations which are made at Christmas to bosses, superintendents, clerks and honorables by spontaneous delegations, a "few friends" and the like.

And the beauty of it all is that whether your gift be a seal-skin sashie, or a gold watch, a jutting jack or a nickel's worth of sweets, the receiver is made happy, and you are yourself in a better mood.

Christmas trees will be hung and pranced about to-night, and to-morrow night, and Monday night in ten thousand homes, and Santa Claus will appear in a hundred places at once, most unaccountably.

The trees, all ready for setting out in the general soil of New York homes, have been coming in by the carload from the mountains of this State and Pennsylvania, and, nourished by the warm sun of loving hearts, will blossom and bear most remarkable fruit.

Big stockings, just right to hold sweet opera slippers, and little stockings into which wondrous dolls and prancing horses and elevated railway trains may be crowded, will be hung to-night by the fireside by the little people whose faith in Santa Claus puts the distrust and watchfulness of their elders to shame.

And there will be many stockings unworthy the name—stockings without toes or heels, and their wool will not be stretched too much by the Saint's gifts to-morrow morning. Then, if some places, there will be no stockings at all, and perhaps it is as well, for Santa Claus has lost many names from his directory.

But in the main—why not say in all?—Christmas will be a jolly day. The elevated trains to-day are packed full with people who carry enough bundles and packages of presents to fill the trains comfortably, and if it weren't for the holiday feelings of the trainmen they would swear and jostle and order people much more gruffly than at other times of the year.

And parties there must be Christmas balls and carouses. Christmas would be almost a mockery without them. But they will not come till Monday night, and then Christmas will be given a wide up country and will last its three days of celebration because it falls on Sunday.

The saloons have been decked out in holiday dress, too. The free lunch will grow into a regular out and out feast to-night.

Raffles will come off in half of New York's saloons to-night, and by the judicious expenditure of \$10 or \$15, the lucky raffle player may, if he is lucky, carry home a fat and juicy five-pound turkey to his family in the early morning, and brag of how he won at the Christmas raffle at Murphy's for the next twelve months.

And the Christmas dinners that will be

BUYING TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN.  
May every one of the half million find in his home a Christmas tree, and a turkey, and a shout of delight. There is no Christmas as beautiful, no carol so sweet and melodious as the joyous laugh of the child who has been kindly remembered by Santa Claus.

Everybody is or should be happy on Christmas. Everybody has been getting ready to be happy for a week at least. The elevator boys in the big buildings downtown will be given a wide up country and will last its three days of celebration because it falls on Sunday.

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## A FEW FEATURES OF THE SUNDAY WORLD.

### A NIGHT IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL. AMONG NEW YORK THIEVES. FAITH CURE AND ITS FOLLOWERS. A CHRISTMAS STORY BY HILL NTE.

## LAST EDITION.

### MANNING DEAD.

#### He Breathed His Last To-day at Albany.

Bright's Disease Proves Fatal to the Great Democrat.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

ALBANY, Dec. 24.—1:40 P. M.—Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Daniel Manning has just died. All the family were present at the death bed scene.

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